

saw congregation. Brother Wirick is very young and has been with us but a year, but is developing into a faithful worker. He has now begun a meeting at Palestine another new point with good prospects. Our revival at Warsaw begins with deep interest and the Spirit's presence. Already four have accepted Christ, and conviction has seized upon many. We much desire the prayers of the brotherhood.

C. F. YODER.

WHERE HELP CAME FROM.

Things looked so dark one Saturday morning in the little pink house that even mother gave up. It is dreadful to have your mother give up. As long as she keeps brave and smiling you can seem to get along, if there isn't much to eat and not chips enough to keep a fire to cook it, if you had any. (I am just telling what Ben said when he saw his mother throw her apron over her head and rock back and forth and say that she couldn't bear it.)

"Don't, mamma!" cried Maud, plucking at the apron.

"Don't, mar-mar!" howled Lucy, the baby, tugging at her neck and a wisp of hair that had slipped away from the hairpins.

"Don't mamma!" begged Ben in a lower voice, and then he added: "I guess God would help us if we asked him."

Mother took one wet eye out of her apron. It was a hard, troubled, untrusting look she gave him.

"Then you'd better ask him!" she said snappily, "for I don't know anything about it. All the money I ever got was what my two hands earned for me."

Ben knew that was so true. Poor mother didn't know anything about the comfort of having somebody to help her. All his life those two hands had worked so hard for them all, but they had worked alone. And now with the rent due and the landlord warning you out, to have those brave hands go and get all knotted up with the rheumatism was a little too hard, or so she said and thought, not knowing what God was planning for her.

But Ben had had a chance to learn about a Helper. In Sunday school you learn things, if you listen. They are not told you to go home and forget all about.

"Teacher said Jesus had just as lief help you in one trouble as another," went on Ben, half to himself, though mother was listening. "And all the Bible troubles he helped them out of the very minute they asked him. But you had to ask, or you wouldn't get him to.

"To morrow is Sunday, and not a morsel o' meat or bread or potatoes, and no

money to get any!" said mother helplessly.

"Well," said Ben, thoughtfully, getting up to go into the little bedroom, "I am going to tell him all about it."

He had not had half time to get thro the story when there came a rough rap at the door, and a man pushed it open himself with his own whip handle, and asked if there wasn't a boy lived there. Of course there was, and mother called him.

"Can you tend sheep—run after 'em, when they go flyin' over stone walls and into 'pastures, 'stead o' keeping to the straight road, as I want 'em?" he said. "I've got a flock I'm trying to get to Glosster, and they won't do it this summer 'less I have a boy to help drive 'em."

"I'll help you!" cried Ben joyfully.

"It's an all-day job!" warned the drover. "But I'll give ye a silver dollar."

"Bring on your sheep!" said Ben, getting his cap. To his mother he whispered: "The Lord did help! There'll be more than one 'morsel' in the house over Sunday; see if there isn't! And we know where to go for help next time!"

TOO CHEAP.

A preacher of the Gospel had gone down in a coal mine during the noon hour to tell the minors of that grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ. After telling them the simple story of God's love to lost sinners, man's state and God's remedy, the time came for the men to resume work and the preacher came back to the shaft to ascend to the world again. Meeting the foreman, he asked him what he thought of God's way of salvation. The man replied:

"Oh, it's too cheap. I cannot believe in such a religion as that."

Without any immediate answer to this remark, the preacher asked:

"How do you get out of this place?"

"Simply by getting into the cage," was the reply.

"And does it take long to get to the top?"

"Oh, no; only a few seconds."

"Well, that is very easy and simple. But do you not need to help raise yourself?" said the preacher.

"Of course not," replied the minor. "As I have said, you have nothing to do but to get in the cage."

"But how about the people who sunk the shaft and perfected all this arrangement? Was there much labor or expense about it?"

"Indeed, yes; that was a laborious and expensive work. The shaft is 1,800 feet deep, and it was sunk at a great cost to the proprietor; but it is our only way

out, and without it we should never be able to get to the surface."

"Just so. And when God's Word tells you that whosoever believeth in the Son of God has life everlasting, you at once say, 'Too cheap, too cheap'—forgetting that God's work to bring you and others out of the pit of destruction and death was accomplished at a vast cost, the price being the death of His own Son."

"For God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—*Baptist Teacher*."

HIS GIFT.

A little boy in Russia lay dying. But a few months before he had heard of Jesus and his love, and given his heart to that wonderful friend. His greatest desire in life was to have other Russian children get acquainted with Jesus. He meant when he grew up to be a missionary among his people; but God wanted him in heaven. Just before he died he called his father, and told him how much he wanted to have the Bible sent to people who were not acquainted with Jesus. Said he: "I haven't much money, you know, father, but if you would take what is in my box and send to the house where they print Bibles, I think there might be enough to dot the I's in the name of Christ. I feel sure there must be enough to do that in one Bible, and I would like it so much! Will you, father?"

You do not need to be told that the father carried out the boy's last directions, and the little purse of money is helping to-day to "dot the I's" in that blessed name.

Surely that little fellow ought to have had engraved upon his headstone, "He hath done what he could."—*Pansy*.

THE POWER OF SUFFERING.

The trials and afflictions of life may have a ministry for others as well as for those who are called to endure them. The sufferer in a household may lead all its members to more gentleness and sympathy with the afflicted. Or one who is called to bear a weight of trial may be so patient and brave that he may lead all who know him to perceive the sustaining power of divine grace as otherwise they would never have done. Or one may be laid aside from the world, and prayers and intercessions, which in the vigor of health he might never have thought to offer may bring down the richest blessings.—*Christian Inquirer*.

Sin has many tools; but a lie is a handle which fits them all.—Holmes.